

## Poetry.

### THE CHURCH ABOVE.

BY ELLEN.

The church below, the little band,  
Brethren in faith and love,  
Travelling with mingled hope and toil  
Towards their home above.  
Dearly with them we love to meet,  
And join their holy strains,  
And mingle in their fervent prayers,  
Where love undying reigns.  
The friends we cherish there are found,  
Within that circle bright,  
And all the hours we spend with them  
Are types of heavenly rest.  
But still, mid conflicts, snares and pain,  
Our course we must pursue—  
Voices come, hearts change, and death divides,  
The loving and the true.

But oh! to join the church above,  
Triumphant, crowned and bright,  
Unstained by sin, untouched by woe,  
In perfect love and light.  
Where swell the harps and float the songs,  
And kindred hearts unite;  
Ascribing to the Lamb enthroned,  
Glory and praise, and might.

From the Woonsocket Patriot.

### THE TRUNDLE BED.

BY R. N. STREETER.

As I rummaged through the attic,  
Listening to the falling rain,  
As it pattered on the shingles  
And against the window pane,  
Peeping over chests and boxes,  
Which with dust were thickly spread,  
Saw I in the farthest corner  
What was once my trundle bed.  
No I drew it from the recess,  
Where it had remained so long,  
Hearing all the while the music  
Of my mother's voice in song,  
As she sang in sweetest accents  
What I since have often read:  
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections,  
That I thought had been forgot,  
Came with all the gush of memory,  
Rushing, thronging, to the spot;  
As I wandered back to childhood,  
To those merry days of yore,  
When I knelt beside my mother,  
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently  
Placed upon my infant head,  
That she taught my lips to utter  
Carefully the words she said.  
Never can they be forgotten—  
Deep are they in memory driven:  
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!  
Father! who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me  
Of its import great and deep;  
After which I learned to utter  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Then it was with hands uplifted,  
And in accents soft and mild,  
That my mother asked: "Our Father,  
O, do Thou bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother  
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,  
And I trust her sainted spirit  
Revels in the home of God.  
But that scene at summer twilight,  
Never has from memory fled,  
And it comes in all its freshness  
When I see my trundle bed.

## Useful Hints.

**SHELTERED ANIMALS.**—An English exper-  
iment demonstrates that sheltered sheep eat  
one-third less of linseed cake and two pounds  
less of turnips per day, and, notwithstanding  
this, the increase of those housed, as com-  
pared with those that were not, was as fourteen  
to nine.

**LICK ON CATTLE.**—Take white oak bark, boil  
it in water, making a strong decoction; wash  
the animal on the back and on the sides. In  
twenty-four hours the lice will be completely  
killed. Tanner's oil is also first rate.

**BEANS FOR FATTENING HOGS.**—They must  
be boiled soft and well washed, then put into a  
barrel and let sour. Care should be  
taken in feeding at first, so as not to cloy them,  
as they make very heavy feed. Try it, you  
will have beans that are not merchantable.

**CURE FOR CORNS.**—If a poor cripple "will  
take a lemon, cut a piece of it off, then nick it  
so as to let in the toe with the corn, the pulp  
next to the corn, tie this on at night so that it  
cannot move, he will find the next morning that  
with a blunt knife the corn will come away to  
a great extent. Two or three applications of this  
will make a poor cripple happy for life; and I  
would be glad to hear the result.

London Post.

**THE SCALE FORMED IN STEAM BOILERS** is derived  
from both sulphate and carbonate of lime in the  
water. The carbonate is deposited when the  
boiler becomes cold after the free carbonic acid  
is driven off by the heat. If free carbonic acid  
were supplied to the boiler, the deposit of car-  
bonate would not take place, but this would not  
prevent the scale of sulphate forming. It is very  
easy to keep a boiler free from deposits of car-  
bonate; all that is required to do this is to allow  
the boiler to cool down to 100° at night, when  
the carbonate will settle loosely to the bottom,  
and it may then be run off by a pipe in the bot-  
tom.

By adding a small quantity of alcohol to your  
ink it will be made to flow freely. Be careful  
not to add too much or it will trickle off the pen  
too readily and make blots in the writing.

An American bushel contains 2,150.42 cubic  
inches; a gallon, 231 cubic inches. A quart  
contains 57.75 cubic inches; therefore a bushel  
for measuring corn contains 35.50 wine quarts,  
very nearly.

## Selected Tale.

### THE DOOMED SKATER.

We had cast our lot, my twin-brother  
and myself, in the roughest township of  
Upper Canada. Twenty years ago, rung out  
graves since then—twenty years, rung out  
and rung in by the clang of the woodman's  
axe—and still that township lies in the  
heart of its primeval forest. Clotted  
woods overhanging the solitary village,  
composed of a few log huts, nightly drenched  
as with a death-sweat, from swamp malarial.

A river left the huge tangle of the woods  
with its dark slaggish waters, which crept  
and oozed in among decaying trees on either  
side. Banks there were none, and the  
bleached skeletons of the rotten trees alone  
marked off the channel of the river from the  
dark fen, fetid with myriad impurities.  
Such was the aspect of the melancholy  
Scougog. Our village was by no means a  
large one. The scattered huts which made  
it up had been knocked together by a  
sprinkling of hardy pioneers on a solitary  
bluff which repelled the river from its base,  
and gave to fearless settlers some ground  
of vantage over the surrounding swamp.

There was not much cleared ground—  
nay, very little; everywhere we were  
hemmed in by battalions of monotonous  
trees. Not all the pioneer chivalry of the  
world could cut an open way through their  
ranks. Like brave hearts on a battle-field,  
when one serried line fell, lo! another  
had arisen in their place. As for our fellow-  
settlers, we found them of a piece with the  
country—rough and hardy, as they had  
need to be, who twenty years ago, colonized  
the Scougog.

We were twins Jack and I, but otherwise  
unlike. He was a fine fellow; I acknow-  
ledged his supremacy, and rejoiced in his  
bold, free spirit. From his childhood he  
had been the most impulsive creature that  
ever pointed a moral for headlong youth.  
Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never  
in dishonor. Jack fought one half of his  
acquaintance into loving him, which the  
rest did of their free will; and my heart  
still warm involuntarily towards the wild  
impulsive boy, with his headstrong soul all  
agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by  
the aspect of our new country; fresh from  
the sunny South, I had expected to find  
circle at home, could it be otherwise? But  
as for Jack, he was in raptures with every-  
thing that disquieted me. Nothing was  
more charmingly romantic than our hut  
on the bluff, and no river could equal the  
brown, bankless, Scougog.

We did not settle down to the regulation  
life of a settler at once; we determined to  
sip the nectar of life on the Scougog. If  
indeed there was any of that ambrosial  
draught to be drained in the township—  
The fascination of the swift canoe kept us  
almost constantly on the dark, my stertuous  
river; and, in truth, there was scarcely any  
other outlet from our dwelling save on its  
waters. By day, we fished and we shot  
from our frail skiffs; and by night, when  
the moon was up, we would paddle them  
in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers  
formed our society on the Scougog; among  
them were some half-breed—a species of  
degenerate Indian who had sunk from the  
dignity of forest-life to the servitude and  
buffeting of the white settlers. They were  
lazy, good for nothing fellows, except in the  
matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they  
were proficient. We found them useful in  
giving instruction in the canoe-life of our  
river home. I preferred, for my own part  
to go pretty much by myself on our water  
excursions. Jack, however, had no such  
idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily  
leaving me to my aquatic reveries, he hired  
a half-breed looking scoundrel named Olier  
to assist him in the management of his  
canoe. I am no great disciple of Lavater  
but I never liked that half-breed. All  
these dogs of Indian nobility are sallow,  
blear-eyed creatures, with a world of cunning,  
but this fellow was chief of them all  
for every repulsive trait. Of course, Jack  
ridiculed my sentiments about his new  
servitor; he was a match for half a dozen,  
twenty fellows like Olier, he said; and it  
was all right, and I was not to bother my  
head about him.

It was getting late in fall; the Indian  
summer—that beautiful dream of love-  
liness—had restored to us in evanescent  
beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn.  
The forests were as gay with color as a  
herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy  
with the lingering sweetness of summer—  
One exquisite evening, born of one of these  
lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I  
lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketch-  
ing home landscapes in the dark Scougog  
rolling beneath. A canoe shot round the  
bend of the river below the village; it was  
paddled by a solitary figure, who turned  
out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down  
the Scougog to fish along with Olier; but  
now no half-breed squatted in the opposite  
end of the canoe. A vague dread seized  
upon me as Jack, running his little bark  
sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle  
and marched up to me.

How now, Jack! what have you done  
with your charming companion? I inquired,  
disguising my conjectural fear.

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother,  
sitting down, oriental fashion, beside me.  
"Not know?"  
"Not a bit," was his answer. "How  
should I be acquainted with all the ins and  
outs of that Rosamond's bower?" Here he  
indicated as much forest with his arm as  
would have made a few thousands of the  
Bower in question.

"Oh, I perceive; he's gone tracking  
deer, or something of that sort," said I,  
immensely relieved by Jack's manner.—  
There was a slight pause. My fears  
returned. I felt there was something  
wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you; I don't  
see why there need be any secret about it.  
You were quite right about that Olier—you  
were. He's a good for nothing fellow, and  
quite coolly refused this afternoon to pad-  
dle me, when I wanted to go down the river  
a bit further than usual."

"And you?"  
"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—  
whether an island or not I cannot tell—  
gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado  
with the paddle, and sent him ashore."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed with hor-  
ror, "don't you know, Jack—haven't you  
sense enough to understand—that these  
Indian fellows are vindictive to the last  
degree—that they will never forget or for-  
give a blow?"

"Pooh!" said he, getting up quite merrily,  
and marching homewards, saying over his  
shoulder: "Oh, don't bother yourself!—  
Olier will be down on his marrow bones  
to-morrow—see if he isn't. Besides, I owe  
him half a dollar."

To-morrow came, unfruitful with the  
half-breed's submission. The story got  
abroad amongst the huts, and the old set-  
tlers, who knew their man, shook their  
heads ominously, and boded no good to my  
impulsive brother. However, two days  
passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I  
fished and shot together. Olier had not re-  
appeared, and I began to breathe more  
freely. Doubtless, he had left the district.  
He was an unsettled fellow, at any rate,  
and had no property or tie in the village  
to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark  
Scougog whittens into rapids, and is hurled  
with gigantic power over a lofty precipice.

I had often wished to see the falls, but it  
was the distance by my single arm. At last  
my wish was to be gratified. A shooting  
party was made up by some of the vil-  
lagers, and, at my urgent request, I was  
included. The arrangement was to spend  
a night at the falls, camping out on the  
bank, and return the following day. In-  
stead of canoes, we were to sail down in a  
large flat-bottomed boat, termed in Cana-  
dian parlance a scow. Strange to say  
Jack did not care about going, saying that  
he would enjoy himself more in his own  
canoe; and, as we were already crowded  
for room, we did not press him to change  
his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it that was  
pewerorthy. The river for over twenty  
miles still remained the same monotonous,  
melancholy Scougog, never varying for the  
space of a hand. Not a vestige of clear-  
ance was there between our village and the  
falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees  
lined the waters like a wall, and, save the  
wild game, no one ever tried to force a way  
through their close-knit ranks, wooded at  
the base by a tangle of unwholesome ver-  
dure. This aspect I had a stern reason  
for remembering. The only bright thing  
was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at  
the extremity of this long reach of wood  
and water. Over all brooded the intensest  
solitude. No bird trilled us a single song  
—all was still, save for the lugubrious  
woodpecker, which, perched on a rotten  
tree, hammered its hollow sides with its  
beak. Tap, tap, tap!—it was a most un-  
earthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in  
their lonely majesty, and were steering  
homewards in our scow. As we neared  
the village again, distant only some five  
or six miles, the sun was sinking behind  
the tree horizon. A slight blue haze  
inhabited the long reaches of the river with  
indefinable softness and beauty. We voyaged  
on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever  
and again, marring my intense perception  
of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap,  
tap of the woodpecker. I could not resist  
a chilly sensation of horror as I listened  
to the measured cadence, echoing through  
the solitude. It sounded like a coffin mak-  
er hammering at his dismal task. A re-  
lief suggested itself. Some of my compan-  
ions were French Canadians, and the even-  
ing before had cheered our bivouac with  
some gay refrains of sunny France. I  
asked them for a starve; but I said nothing  
about the woodpecker, whose note I  
wished them to drown. A strong chorus  
soon vanquished the bird of ill omen, and  
rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the  
strain well; it was a favorite *royalceur's*  
ditty, sung to the dash of the ear, and be-

Mon joli canot blanc  
Ramez, ramez, ramez.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I  
shuddered as I heard the reverberating  
tap, tap of my ominous bird aloft on a  
spectral fir. My companions had ceased  
rowing, too, and called my attention to a  
canoe, which was floating down the river  
a few yards ahead of us. They thought it  
was a break loose, and stood by to strike a  
boat hook into it, with the prospect of a  
reward from the owner up at the village.  
It soon dropped down to us, and came,  
like the note of that ghastly woodpecker,  
tapping against our skiff. There was a  
stifled cry of horror from the settlers at  
the bow; and as we crowded forward to  
see what was the matter, another cried  
out the awful tale of blood.—

"Here, young fellow, see your brother  
—stalked by Olier, as sure as there's death  
in a rifle bullet!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother  
lay bent over his paddle in the canoe,  
weltering in his heart's blood. An aveng-  
ing bullet had passed through his heart.  
Stalked by Olier! Fiendish Indian, that  
was thy work, and my brother's blood rests  
on thy head. I shall not now detail the  
agonies of that Indian summer. Through  
all my grief ran the thought of an exter-  
minating vengeance. Vengeance! Nay,  
Scant justice. I sought what has been law  
since the world began—blood for blood.  
It was vain in those early times of a judi-  
cial system in Canada to seek for a rigor-  
ous pursuit from the dispensers of legal  
justice; the criminal executive might be  
willing, but their arm was weak. Retri-  
bution, in the trackless wild of wood and  
water where I dwelt, could proceed only  
from my own steady purpose and solitary  
endeavor.

I could depend for but small aid from  
the settlers. Some of them, indeed, cursed  
the foul murderer in no stinted speech;  
but others again imputed little crime to  
the blood-stained red-skin, and even went  
so far as to justify his sneaking code of  
vengeance. Olier had left the district, but  
a certain instinct told me that he would  
ere long come back again. Likely enough  
he would suppose I could not long remain  
in a place to which such hateful memories  
clung, and that he might then safely ven-  
ture back. I waited my time. Safe he  
was in the tangled thicket; but, to the  
end, I knew no covert under heaven would  
preserve him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard and white, and cold.  
The river Scougog was a level road of ice,  
on each side of the ice-bound river the for-  
ests towered like massive cliffs of chalky  
rock. No path could now be forced into the  
recesses of the forest below our vil-  
lage. Scarcely had winter been settled  
down for his undisturbed reign than I  
heard whisperings that the villain half-  
breed was again hovering on the outskirts  
of the settlement. It was told me that he  
was living in a kind of wigwag above the  
village, and also that he had more than  
once come to the very dwellings of the  
settlers by night to visit his friends, and to  
obtain various articles for his camp. I  
knew it would be vain to attempt to track  
him to his wigwag, or, at all events, to  
surprise him; his woodcraft was much too  
deep to admit of such a possibility. But  
a strange, wild joy trembled through my  
being when I heard he came by night to  
the village. A terrible scheme of ven-  
geance swept across my soul; and I felt  
no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the  
doom of the half-breed was fixed, and that  
I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

I have said that the river below our set-  
tlement was bordered by an impenetrable  
forest, without symptom of clearing or the  
abode of man. The drifted snow, lying in  
deep masses on each side of the river, up  
even to the tops of the trees, rendered this  
impenetrability still more appalling and  
stubborn. The forest which lined the ice-  
bound Scougog supported a solid wall of  
frozen snow. For twenty miles the river,  
with its wooded banks, was nothing more  
or less than a funnel of ice and snow.

Night after night I lay concealed at the  
bluff, awaiting the murderer; I was armed  
with pistols and wore skates. Skating  
was an amusement I had excelled in when  
a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of  
the first importance in my scheme of retri-  
bution. At length he came. It was ex-  
quisite; the white expanse around sparkled  
in the sheen of a young Canadian moon,  
which sailed calmly through a cloudless  
sky. I could have shot the villain as he  
skated by me within fifty yards, but I  
would not risk the chance, and besides my  
vengeance cried for a werner fate than  
death by the pistol. No sooner was he  
past my hiding place, than with a shout  
of exultation I started on his track. Olier  
swerved a moment to see who his pursuer  
was, then, quick as lightning, tried to dou-  
ble up the river again. But I had antici-  
pated this, and with a cocked pistol in  
either hand, I barred his passage. With  
a curse he turned and sped swiftly down  
the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile  
after mile we swept along in silence. An  
awful, portentous silence it was, through  
which nothing broke, save the hollow boom  
of the swift steel cutting its way over the  
impenetrable Scougog. The moon lit me  
nobly to my vengeance. He could not es-  
cape me, for I found with my savage gleam  
that I was a match for the swift-footed

Indian. Olier soon became aware of this,  
too, for now and then he would skate close  
to the woods, looking in vain for an aper-  
ture. But no; there was but one outlet  
from this walled-in river; and that was  
over the falls.

Fast and faster yet we skated towards  
the cataract. It could not be far off. I  
pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts  
might be. Did he know whether he was  
hastening? or had that awful light yet to  
flash on his guilty mind? The half-breed  
made answer to my thought. I saw him  
in the pale shimmer start convulsively, and  
throw his arms in the air; but he dared  
not stop, and on he darted again with a yell  
of despair, which echoed weird-like up the  
frozen channel. Another sound came to  
my ear, and I knew what had caused that  
cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was  
the dull thunder of the falls! We were  
nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow  
shut in his guilty mind! The half-breed  
saw his frail hope of escape. One chance  
was left him—to distance me, and hide  
somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny.  
Vain hope! the wings of a bird could  
scarcely have saved him.

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of  
the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in  
frantic prayer that the murderer were de-  
livered into my hand, I humbly trust that  
it is forgiven me now. From the time I  
had first started on Olier's track, we had  
maintained exactly the same distance be-  
tween us—perhaps about a hundred or a  
hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped  
my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem  
on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came  
loud and ominous on the air. Another  
five minutes would decide the hunt. Sud-  
denly Olier turned and stood at bay. He  
was not armed; I had felt certain of that  
all along, for otherwise he would have  
measured strength with me before. With-  
out abating my pace I skated down upon  
him, holding a levelled pistol in each hand.  
Still, my purpose was as fixed as ever only  
to shoot the villain as a last resource—  
When I was within twenty yards of him,  
the coward faltered and again turned swift-  
ly down the river. With a yelling laugh I  
pursued him, pressing still more hotly on  
his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract;  
of its spray, through which the splintered  
lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow-  
tinted beauty.

I could see directly in front the jagged  
line of the ice, where it was broken by the  
rapids immediately above the cataract, and  
beyond I could trace the dark volume of  
the Scougog, as it emerged from its prison  
of ice and snow. For an instant the half-  
breed turned his face towards me, as I  
pressed with concentrated hate on his foot  
steps; never shall I forget the horrible de-  
spair that distorted the villain's features.  
It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the  
falls drowned his curses—I knew he was  
shrieking curses on me—for they would  
have haunted me in after years.

With the courage that is begotten of the  
darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink  
of the rapids and the next moment I was  
alone upon the ice! I gazed with a stern  
joy on the dark flood which had seized in  
its relentless hands the shedder of blood,  
and was hurrying him over the falls.

For a moment, I thought I could perceive  
the murderer struggling in the eddies; but  
the illusion, if it was one, could live only  
for an instant. The cataract was within  
pistol shot, and as I turned up the dreary  
wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the  
doom of the guilty skater had been fulfil-  
led.

## Soliloquy and Humor.

A lady being asked the place of her  
nativity, replied, "I am so unfortunate as to  
have no native place;—I was the daugh-  
ter of a clergyman."

A thief broke into a grocer's warehouse,  
and on trial excused himself on the plea  
that he merely went in there to take tea.

A servant girl, occupied in "pickling her  
mistress's" cabages, took the opportunity  
of cabaging her mistress's pickles, saying it  
made no difference.

It is a mistake to think that milk can be  
sold as cheaply in winter, when the streams  
of water are frozen, as in summer.

Good resolutions are like fainting ladies  
—they want to be carried out.

The young lady who took the eye of  
everybody, has been arrested for stealing.

It is chiefly young ladies of narrow  
understanding who wear shoes too small for  
them.

A young city lady recently married a  
farmer, and on visiting the cow-house,  
asked the servant, "which cow is it that  
gives the buttermilk?"

The enchantment which distance "lent  
view," has been returned.

A doctor and a military officer became  
enamored of the same lady. A friend in-  
quired which of the two suitors she intended  
to favor. She replied that it was difficult  
for her to determine, as they were both  
such killing creatures.

From the Am. Agriculturist.  
CHICK-A-DE-DE.  
BY UNGER FRANK.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play.  
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de-de.  
Chick-a-de-de, Chick-a-de-de,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de-de.

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song—  
"O sister! look out of the window," said she;  
"Here's a dear little bird, singing chick-a-de-de-de."  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,  
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;  
I pity him so! how cold he must be!  
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de-de."  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know  
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;  
He's all the time singing that chick-a-de-de-de."  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"O mother! do get him some stockings and  
shoes,  
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;  
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-de-de."  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

The bird had flown down from some piece of bread,  
And heard every word little Emily said;  
"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" thought  
he;  
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-de-de-de.  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"I'm grateful," he said, "for the wish you ex-  
press,  
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;  
I'd rather remain with my limbs all free,  
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-de-de."  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"There is Oler, my dear child, though I cannot  
tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too—  
Good morning! O who are so happy as we?"  
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-de-de.  
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

**EAST GREENWICH.**—This pleasant place  
is situated on an activity overlooking the  
Greenwich Bay. The houses rise tier  
after tier up the high eminence. The rail-  
road is its backbone, which brings into it  
business, a market and amusement. Green-  
wich was among the earliest settled places  
in our State. Rhode Island was first pen-  
etrated by the white man in 1636. New-  
port was settled in 1640. Portsmouth in  
1637, and East Greenwich in 1677. The  
population numbers about two thousand  
persons who bustle about with considerable  
activity. The leading business interest of  
the place are manufacturing and educa-  
tional. There are two or three large steam  
factories, which blend their foliage over head.  
The houses are built in great numbers during  
the warm season, though, like the birds,  
the first approach of chill weather drives  
them off. The streets retain their original  
title, christened during our colonial exis-  
tence. I noticed Duke, Marlboro, King,  
Queen and other royal names. It is the  
county town and here are found the jail  
and court house.

Among the chief features of interest is  
the Seminary and the buildings connected  
therewith. This institution is under the  
patronage of an ecclesiastical body of the  
Methodist denomination called the Provi-  
dence Conference; a body embracing the  
whole of Rhode Island a part of Massachu-  
setts and Connecticut. The institution  
was founded in 1840 and occupies three  
separate edifices; the central one erected  
about two years since, being a large, sub-  
stantial building of such a style and finish  
as to be an ornament to the place.

The town have chosen a queer method  
of inviting strangers to build and settle  
here. A number of lots are set apart and  
are free to any one who will erect thereon  
a good house and make a home among  
them.

The place long lived under the cognom-  
en of "Castle Greene," taking the name  
from the ancient and highly respectable  
family of Greene, from which sprung Gen.  
Nathaniel Greene of revolutionary memory.

Narragansett Times.

**Going Home with the Girls.**—The en-  
trance into society may be said to take  
place immediately after boyhood has passed  
away, yet a multitude take an initiative  
before their heads are presentable. It is  
a great trial, either at a tender or a tough  
age. For an overgrown boy to go to a  
door, knowing that there are a dozen girls  
inside, and to knock or ring with absolute  
certainty that in two minutes all their eyes  
will be upon him, is a severe test of courage.  
To go before these girls and make a satis-  
factory tour of the room without stepping  
on their toes, and sit down and dispose of  
one's hands without putting them in one's  
pocket, is an achievement which few boys  
can boast. If a boy can go so far as to  
measure off ten yards of tape with one of  
the girls, and cut it short at each end, he  
may stand a chance to pass a pleasant eve-  
ning, but let him not flatter himself that all  
the trials of the evening are over.

There comes, at last, the breaking up.  
The dear girls don their hoods, and put on  
shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous,  
and unimpressable, and independent, as if  
they didn't wish anybody to go home with  
them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy  
that has the most pluck makes to the pret-  
tiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his  
tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth,  
and croaking out his elbow, stammers out  
the words, "Shall I see you home?" She  
touches her finger to his arm, and they  
walk home a foot apart, feeling as awkward  
as two goslings, but perfectly happy.

## Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1764.

send them serve rather for luxury than any  
real use in the plantation service, and that  
they may be, and are supplied, with  
mules and horses from the Spanish Main;  
that the fish we send them is an inferior  
quality, and will not suit the European  
market; and if they are not suffered to  
purchase their fish of us it will naturally  
tend to increase the seamen and shipping  
of France, as they will be obliged to pro-  
cure the fishery themselves; that if we  
do not supply them with lumber they can  
procure it from the Mississippi or have it  
brought in their ships from France, which  
generally come out not half loaded, and  
that the sole reason of the French pur-  
chasing any of the above



### No great change in the prospects of the Ital

We are requested by Mr. T. E. H. to make the declaration upon the jail in to view that John F. Brier. We are willing to sell or work upon any jail.

100, who  
like city  
water is  
at of the  
per week.

There will be service in Emmanuel C.  
Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

There will be service at the Mill St. C.  
on-morrow evening at 7 o'clock.

John Drucken has been elected Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department in place of Harry Howard, whose term will soon expire.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN—Present,—His Honor the Mayor, Aldermen J. C. Allen,

ported, and recommended that the portion of the lot east of Clinton Avenue be sold; the report was read, received and ordered to be placed on file; no further action has been taken, as regards the matter. As no income is derived by the city from this lot, I recommend that the following por-

There were one hundred incendiary fires in New York during the first thirty-five days of 1860.

—The roll was called and a quorum

commend the adoption of Hog Island Ferry, a part of the town of . . . The island contains about two h . . . comprising a good stone quarry, . . . excellent wells of water and a seaw . . . perhaps the most valuable in the

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**MEDICINE**  
**Dyspepsia Remedy**

**CARRIUS HAM'S**  
**IRONIC**  
**VIGORATING SPIRIT.**

It has been used by the public for six years  
without failure. It is recommended for  
Nervousness, Heart Burn, In-  
dignity, Kidney Complaints, Cholic  
Pain, Headache, Drowsiness, Low  
Vitality, Delirium Tremens, Wind  
in the Stomach, or Pain in the  
Bones.

It cures, exhilarates, invigorates, but will not intoxicate.  
It is quick and efficient during the most  
critical stages of dyspepsia, indigestion, and all  
disorders of the stomach and bowels, in a speedy  
manner relieves the most morbidly and dropsy.

and restore the weak, nervous and sickly to health and vigor.  
 drawn from the ingredients used of liquors, have been  
 and their nervous system restored, constituting  
 a tonic and a safeguard to the system, and a reliable basis.

**THE DELIRIUM TREMENS**  
 immediately feel the happy and healthy influence  
 of Dr. Harn's Investigating Spirit.

**WHAT IT WILL DO**  
 will give glass-ful as often as necessary.  
 will remove all Bad Spirits  
 will cure Heartburns  
 will cure Indigestion.  
 will give you a good appetite.  
 will stop the distressing pains of Dyspepsia.  
 will remove the distressing and disagreeable  
 of your Stomach.  
 Investigating Spirit, the distressing head and  
 all things will be removed.  
 will remove the most distressing pains of Cholera,  
 the stomach or bowels.  
 will remove all obstructions to Kidney, Biliary  
 organs.  
 where are seriously afflicted, with any kidney com-  
 plaints, especially relief by a dose or two, and a  
 by the use of one or two bottles.  
**WORTHY DISCOUNT**  
 where an dispensing too much over night, and feel

the poisonous liquor, to prevent headache, vertigo, weakness, dizziness, &c., will find one remove all bad feelings.

It is good, undebatable consideration should take the Sydné three times a day—it will make them easily and happy, remove all obstructions and liberate the muscular energy, and return them to bloom and beauty to the careworn face.

Pregnancy it will be found an invaluable medicine for the morbid sensibility of the stomach, propter a cold, is natural and to insure this, let the fortifying spirit be purchased at 20 cents.

Michael Deput, N. & W. Water, New York.

**LOCH & SON, Providence,**  
Wholesale Agents.

In New-York by Cassell, Mack & Co., Cassell & J. Taylor and J. H. Rose.

[illegible]

and my hair so luxuriant a crop of hair as any other man could have. We can therefore, and I earnestly recommend you to do so, expect remedy for the loss of your hair.

We are yours respectfully,  
JACOB HENRIKSEN, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

1001—Dear Sir: My hair has for several years become prematurely gray accompanied by a hereditary itching condition of the scalp, which has been distressing it. When I commenced using your Hair Restorer about two months ago, I noticed a decided improvement. I have used it within the last three weeks, turned to its natural color and assumed a softness and luxuriance as before. I have no objection of color any other preparation I have ever regarded it as an independent remedy for every itching condition, to use with your Hair Restorer for the purpose of dressing or styling the hair, or for the purpose of coloring the hair, and I am very glad if its performing all this is claimed for it.

MRP. C. H. MONROE  
Minnti, O., Feb. 10, 1887.  
Wilmington, Mo., Dec. 5, 1887.  
Dear Sir: I have used your Hair Restorer and have seen using your Hair Restorer, was induced to try it. I had the fever some time last May and nearly lost my hair. I have used your Hair Restorer and

can't be thicker than ever it was. Nothing but a dusty cynicism that I feel to be most characteristic of the age. The young men, would refuse me to give this acknowledgment of the benefit I have received from your *Journal*. Heaters.

Yours respectfully, A. R. JACOBS.

And native is put up in bottles of the size of large whisky bottles, the small holds 1-2 a pint, and retains its flavor the best; the medium holds at least twenty or thirty in proportion than the small; the large for two bottles; the large holds a quart, 40 cent per cent more retail value for \$2 a bottle.

W. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 212 Broadway, New York (in the Great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment), and give to Dr. Louis, Mo.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

51-56.

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## WOOD & CO.,

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AL.—The subscribers refer to their customers and the public generally, a large number of them have been before them, and in this circulating purchased the best coils which the

affords, they feel confident of their ability  
to supply every peculiar case, whether the draft  
is strong or weak.  
Should any article purchased at our wharf not  
be as it was recommended, the coal may be  
returned at our expense and the money will be  
refunded.

pt 17 OMAN & BRADFORD.

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COAL FOR GRATES.—Best English Cannel,  
" Liverpool Orrel,  
" Cumberland,

pt 17 OMAN & BRADFORD.

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COAL AND WOOD.

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL THE BEST VARIETIES  
of Anthracite and Semi-Bituminous Coals.  
Wood of all kinds prepared in any manner  
desired.

WM. J. SWINBURNE.

Jan 20	Wheat opposite foot of Mary St.
KEN'S VALLEY COAL at	
Jan 25	WILLIAMS
ORRERRY COAL at	
Jan 28	WILLIAMS.
RANTON COAL at	
Jan 28	WILLIAMS.
L. KINDS OF KINDLING WOOD and	
Fire Wood, at	
n 28	WILLIAMS.
ENGLISH CANNEL COAL, in fine order	
and large lumps, for sale by	
n 28	CHAS. WILLIAMS.
<b>"THE STATES."</b>	
H. W. & S. S. S. S.	

ent Coal and Gas-consuming Stove,  
HIS STOVE is now in the market and as fast  
as the orders are received from the Foundry will be  
shipped to those who have engaged them.  
This is one of the most perfect gas-consuming  
economical coal burning stoves yet invented.  
The ash pit is in the back and the fire ex-  
hausting completely around the back and in front  
the ash pit, making the stove a flowing  
one complete circulating hot air chamber.  
Therefore, the undersigned, consider William H.  
Hart's Coal and Gas-consuming Stove, to be the  
economical and perfect stove we have ever  
seen.

W. J. Swinburne, Hammond, Jr., J. C. Sherman, J. P. Allan,	Wm. Mason, Augustus Goffe, Philip Caswell, Jr., John Caswell,
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Henry H. Young,  
ILLIAM BROWNELL, opposite the Rhode  
and Union Bank will receive orders for  
and attend to their delivery.  
e 17—tf

**The Star of the North,**  
ILL, GIVE MORE HEAT with a certain  
amount of coal than any other Stove.

**The Star of the North,**  
the original Smoke and Gas-burner, and is  
only one which perfectly consumes both.

**The Star of the North,**  
for sale with a large assortment of  
Cooking and Parlor Stoves,  
and Sheet Iron Ware, &c. &c. by  
J. B. LANGLEY, Jr., & CO.

**STOVES.**

**Pickles & Sauces.**  
CASES English Pickles and Sauces in  
the greatest variety, just received and for  
sale by  
**WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.**



